

EMBRYO....., NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Fellow Americans...it certainly seems as if, despite weeks of worry, the Cooper, Moore, Ward and Fleming pandemonium shadow show and flying circus is on the road again, this time under an editorial committee, rather than one fallible, dare we say incompetent, subhuman being. The whole thing should hopefully run more smoothly from now on, and if it doesn't, then at least Tiny only gets 25 per cent of the blame....

I know nobody's reading this. Nobody ever reads the Editorial. We never read the editorial. Don't know why we bother doing one.

If anyone's interested, the last poetry reading went fine, and thanks to everyone who came along. There's another one soon.... don't know when. Hopefully, it'll be at the Racehorse again.

The most important thing to have happened over the last couple of months is the recent Embryo/Arts Lab merger. This means that both Embryo and Rovell, or what ever the Arts Lab magazine is disguised as nowadays, remain as seperate enterprises, while prompting an interflow of poets between the 2 nays.

We're printing this ~~11th~~ magazine somewhere else now--- and we're using Alex's place to type it. Thanks, Alex---oh yes, and thanks to Babs, Clive and Chris for the typewriters.

Please, we can't print anonymous poetry, no matter how ~~cool~~ is. Don't send us any more, please, or you'll get knifed when we catch up with you.

Due to decimalisation, this magazine now costs £53.65p, and has 4 pages. Think decimal, and you'll be decimated.

Thanks to everyone who helped, especially Schtook, who rolled up occasionally

WISH YOU WERE HERE

THE SYNDICATE

EMBRYO WAS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY TINY WARD, ALAN MOORE, ANDY COOPER AND IAN FLEMING FOR BIZARRE PRODUCTIONS, A DIVISION OF INTERCONTINENTAL ABSURDITIES. TINY WARD APPEARS COURTESY OF BURTON'S LTD. IAN FLEMING APPEARS COURTESY OF DUNLOPUNDERWEAR LTD, ANDY COOPER APPEARS COURTESY OF THE THOMAS COLEMAN HOME FOR FRUSTRATED INTELLECTUALS, ALAN MOORE CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER BRICKS ON DERELICT BOMBSITES, EVERY WALPURGIS NACHT, BEWARE, GETS BITCHY WHEN ROUSED.

All enquiries, bomb scares and pot coldfish to:

17, St. Andrew's Rd,
Northampton.

PASTORALE APOCALYPSIS.

Skygrey afternoon raindrizzle, my hair clinging close to my head
slipping upon the mud between the patches of scorched grass

I almost fall.

Across the fields I can now see the rim of the crater, snapped
telephone wires like lank

hair clinging close to my head.

Removing my glasses I wipe the rain from my eyes

I can now see the patches of scorched grass
across the fields.

Removing my glasses I almost fall..the rim of the crater..

slipped upon the mud, rainwires drizzle like
like lank hair clinging close to my head.

I wipe the skygrey crater from my eyes, and across the fields I
almost fall between the scorched afternoon
and patches of wires like lank

snapped hair, slipping into the sky.

Across the afternoon I can now see the snapped
telephone hairwires upon the mud, they drizzle
like scorched rain between the craters.

Removing the afternoon I wipe my eyes across the fields, slipping
upon the glass, telephone clinging close to the
grass hair.

Snapped eyes almost fall across the crater, I wipe the fields
between the patches of scorched wires.

Removing my eyes I almost cling close to my head. The scorched
hair of the crater drizzles patches across
the sky.

Alan More.

-AD-

DUM... DUM...

DUM...

DA-DUM

KEND
LEISURE
SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL
ADVICE
ON
HOME
ENTERTAINMENT
154, CHILTERN
WAY
NORTHAMPTON

Post
No
Bills

WHEN DO
WE GET TO
THE TRIPPY
LIGHT SHOW
BIT?

A... A
BLACK
MONOLITH!

ALAIN.

Words drip
like ice grey
tears

In the faded darkness of the sewers
The stone roots of the city, echoing with the sound of lost
children,
Eyes stare up'fron the dark mouth of a drain, accusing
Dissappearing, ripped laughing into a naelstrom
of shit, whirling blindly to the severmind
the citybrain

Where ratscuttling nightspiders plot in the webbed secrecy
of the condon crowded catacorbes,

Whispers drift upwards to the scarred silence of the morningstreet
Guttertongues lick furtively for the first taste of eveningrai
stainless steel saliva, trickling down the pipeline tributary
to the bonevacant cityskull of the undermind.

In the submerged flyovers of the metropolis maze
the drowned pigeons flowat sadly past
trying to remember

The final liuid statenent of the underning
is simply this:

Inevitability.

The dreams of silver citadels
Will eventually drown in their own shit

And the rats will giggle disturbingly, mouths full of grease,
the brittle
echoing

slippery
slinky
drip-splash
hollow

laughter of the sewers

ALAN MOORE.

MINDFLARE: NEUROSIS 80.

ALAN MOORE.

Drifting through the redneon brain of nightlight
Empty wetsparkling streets, lampshine signflash
Vacant shop-eye window stare blindly into dark haze
Of metropolis-haze, midnight windhowl carscreech through the
Evening at Earthsend. Earlymorning images drift silent
Like black snow, echoing down screaming nerve ends and into
The cortical library...

And the evening emptied people float into the beckoning
Doorway of the silent library, footstep clattering and
into the last tomb of the dead words, the
Midnight mausoleum of forgotten images.

..Past dreamshelves, cushion-bookends in a place
With no doors, easing through the plush red vinyl holes
And into the lower depths.
There bleakgrey memorytones wait in the halflight,
Telling a story that you can never quite decipher.
...And on the flyleaf:

" I AM CRYPTOGRAM..."
Electroncheckerboard citybuilding computorflash,
Vast mindface glares down from the teletronic billboardeye
And seems to know me. Walking over the nightbreeze stargrass
Towards the tower, hate-waiting above me....

Photon greenice-eyes flash in the darkness of sound,
Mute echoes of a preamble into the underground.
Silkhair stopmotion floating, strobeflirting,
Dreamshining in the clutching twilight.

And I loved you then...
Torn screeching into the maelstrom mind,
And into the underground...

Safe in my dark-tinted vision
Down the celophane stairway, brainclawing,
And into the vacuum zone...
Bonemaze silverbright
Down the coridoors of light
Shells of peace and bubblesoap
Down through the kaleidoscope.
Boiling sky and saucerflash
Down the stairscape, swordlight slash,
Through the coridoors of bone,
Screaming through the vacuum zone.

And into the underground...

Empty morningstreet, newspaper bounce on wind-like torn butterfly
Yesterdays litter has merged with the roadway, and above the
Lonely echoing puddlesplash footsteps
Drifts empty graveyard tunewhistle, remote and afraid.
The sun could not wait for the morning to come,
I turned left at the silence and headed for the vacuum zone...

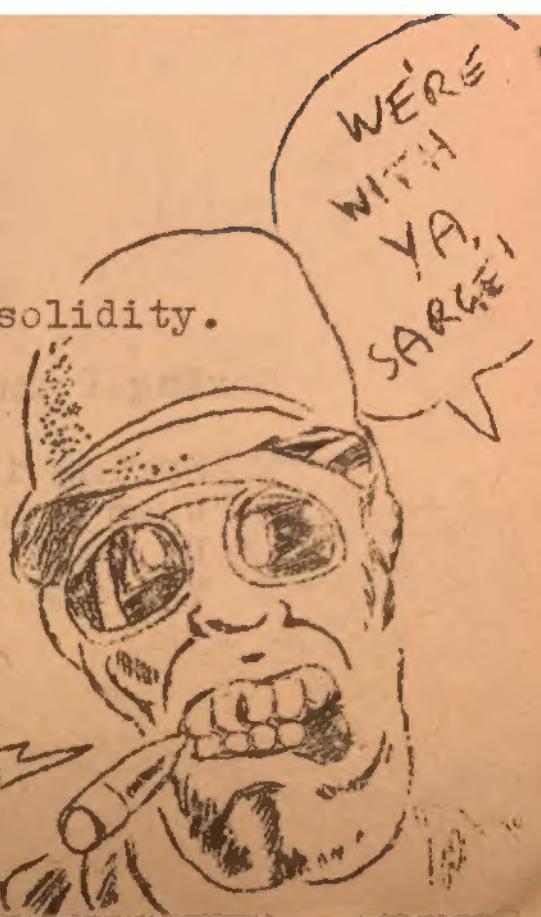
hacking down thousands and thousands
of the bastards without getting
a scratch on immaculate haircuts
knocking off for cokes and coffee
and a bath o fer chrissakes
get the hell outta my head

Phantoms of half life
and unreal with their solidity.
Too solid to be fact.
Diaphonous fiction.

On the trail now.
Right and left.

Cannons down the valley. Unseen
except by poets and spies and people
who dont matter

YOU MEN REALISE THAT OUR
CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF
UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY
TEN THOUSAND TO ONE ...



- ADVERTISEMENT -

